

JOAN OF THE SWORD HAND

S. R. CROCKETT, Author of "The Riders of the Purple Moor"

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CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

The Prince of Courland turned an angry countenance upon his friend, but the keen-witted Muscovite looked so kindly and yet so sadly upon him that after a while the severity of his face relaxed as it had been against his will, and with a quick gesture he added, "I believe you love me, Ivan, though indeed your words are no better than red-hot pincers in my heart."

"Love you, Louis?" cried Prince Ivan. "I love you better than my brother Ivan, though they will never live to thwart me as yours thwarts you—better even than my father, for you do not keep me out of my inheritance!"

Then in a gayer tone he went on: "I love you so much that I will pledge my father's whole army to help you, first to win your wife, next to take Hohenstein, Kernsburg and Marienthal. And after that, if you are still ambitious, why—Plassenburg and the Wolfmark, which now the Executioner's Son holds. That would make a noble kingdom to offer a fair and wilful queen."

"And for this you ask—?"

"Only your love, Louis—only your love! And, if it please you, the alliance with that Prince of your honorable house, of which we spoke just now!"

"My sister Margaret, you mean? I will do what I can, Ivan, but she also is wilful. You know she is wilful! I cannot compel her love!"

The Prince Ivan laughed. "I am not so complaisant as you, Louis, nor yet so modest. Give me my bride on the day Joan of the Sword Hand sleeps in the palace of Courland, as its princess, and I will take my chance of winning our Margaret's love!"

CHAPTER XII.

Woman's Willfulness.

Joan rode on, silent, a furlong before all her men. Behind her sulked Maurice von Lynar. Had any been there to note, their faces were now strangely alike in feature, and yet more curiously unlike in expression. Joan gazed forward into the distance like a soul dead and about to be reborn, planning a new life. Maurice von Lynar looked more like a naughty schoolboy whom some tyrant Fate, rod-wielding, had compelled to obey against his will.

Soon Castle Kernsburg floated up like a cloud before them above the blue and misty plain. But no word spoke Joan till that purple shadow had taken shape as stately stone and lime, and she could discern her own red lion flying abreast of the banner of Louis of Courland upon the topmost pinnacle of the round tower.

Then on a little mound without the town she halted and faced about.

"Men of Hohenstein," said the Duchess, in a clear, far-reaching alto, "you have followed me, asking no word of why or wherefore. I have told you nothing, yet is an explanation due to you."

"It is the will of Joan of the Sword Hand! It is enough!" repeated the four hundred lances, like a class that learns a lesson by rote.

A lump rose in Joan's throat as she tried to shape into words the thoughts that surged within her. She felt strangely weak. Her pride was not the same as of old, for the heart of a woman had grown up within her—a heart of flesh. Surely that could not be a tear in her eye? No; the wind blew shrewdly out of the west, to which they were riding.

"I thank you, noble gentlemen," said Joan. "Now, as you say, let us ride into Kernsburg."

"And pull down that flag!" cried Maurice, pointing to the black Court-

only wanted it because it had been forbidden.

So also Joan of Hohenstein desired to go down with Dessauer that she might look upon the man betrothed to her from birth. She went. She looked, and within her there grew up a heart of flesh. Then, when the stroke fell, that heart uprose in quick, temperate revolt, and what might have issued in the dull compliance of a Princess, whose whole life was settled for her became the imperious revolt of a woman against an intolerable and loathsome impossibility.

So in her Castle of Kernsburg Joan waited. But not idly. All day long and every day Maurice von Lynar rode on her service. The hillmen courted to his word, and in the courtyard the stormy voices of George the Huntsman and Peter Balda were never hushed. The shepherds from the hills went to and fro, marching and countermarching, wheeling and charging, posting musket and thrusting pike, till all Kernsburg was little better than a barracks.

But there were two, at least, within the realm of the Duchess Joan who knew no drawbacks to their joy, who rubbed palm on palm and nudged each other for pure gladness. These (it is said to say) were the military attaches of the neighboring peaceful State of Plassenburg. Yet they had been specially cautioned by their Prince Hugo, in the presence of his wife Helene, the hereditary princess, that they were most carefully to avoid all international complications. They were on no account to take sides in any quarrel. They must do nothing prejudicial to the peace, neutrality, and universal amity of the State and Princedom of Plassenburg. Such were their instructions.

They promised faithfully. Yet these two soldiers of fortune lay waiting on the slopes of the Jagernbergen, talking over the situation. "A man surely has a right to his own wife!" said Jorian, taking for the sake of argument the conventional side.

"Narren-Possen, Jorian!" cried Boris, raising his voice to the indignation point. "Clotted nonsense! Who is going to keep a man's wife for him if he cannot do it himself?"

"The trouble is that so far she feels no necessity to be any one's wife," said Jorian.

"That also is nonsense," said Boris, who, spite his defense of Joan, held the usual masculine views. "Every woman wishes to marry, if she can only have first choice."

"There they come!" whispered Jorian. Boris rose to his feet and looked long beneath his hand. Very far away there arose from the level green plain first one tall column of dense black smoke and then another, till as far as they could see to the left the plain was full of them.

"God's truth!" cried Jorian, "they are burning the farms and herds' houses. The Muscovite is out! These are Cossack fires. Bravo! We shall yet have our Hugo here with his axe! He will never suffer the bear so near his borders."

"Let us go down," said Boris, "or we shall miss some of the fun. In two hours they will be at the fords of the Alla!"

"What do you here? Go back!" shouted Werner von Orseln, who with his men lay waiting behind the flood-banks of the Alla. "This is not your quarrel! Go back, Plassenburgers!"

"We have for the time being demitted our office," exclaimed Boris. "The envoys of Plassenburg are at home in bed, sick of a most sanguinary fever. We offer you our swords as free fighting men and good Teuts. The Muscovites are over yonder. Lord to think that I have lived to forty-eight and never yet killed even one bearded Russ!"

"You may mend that record shortly, to all appearance, if you have luck!" said Von Orseln grimly.

Now this is the report which Captains Boris and Jorian, envoys (very) extraordinary from the Prince and Princess of Plassenburg to the reigning Duchess of Hohenstein, made, upon their return from the fords of the Alla, to their home government.

Jorian, being of the rotund and complaisant faction, acquiesced in the proposal that he should do the writing. But as he never got beyond, "To our honored Lord and Lady Hugo and Helene, these—" there needs not to be any particularity as to his manner of acting the scribe.

Then he remembered that he knew where a secretary was in waiting. He would go and borrow him. Jorian re-entered their bedroom with a beaming smile, and the secretary held by the sleeve to prevent his escape. Both felt that the report was as good as written. It began thus:

"With great assiduity (a word suggested by the secretary) your envoys remembered your Highnesses' princely advice and command that we should involve ourselves in no warfare or other local disagreement. So when we heard that Hohenstein was to be invaded by the troops of the Prince of Courland, we were deeply grieved."

"Nevertheless, judging it to be for the good of our country that we should have a near view of the fighting, we left our arms and armor behind us, and went out to make observations in the interest of your Highnesses' armies."

"We found the soldiers of the Duchess Joan waiting at the fords of the Alla, which is the eastern border of their province. There were not many of them, but all good soldiers. The Courlanders came on in myriads with Muscovites without number. These last burned and slew all in their path."

"The men of Hohenstein being so few and those of Courland with their allies so many, the river was overpassed both above and below the fords. Whereupon I pressed it upon Werner von Orseln that he should retreat to a place of greater hope and safety, being thus in danger on both flanks."

"This Werner von Orseln had fought all the day, and though most recklessly exposing himself, was still unhurt. His armor was covered with blood and black with powder after the fashion of these wild hot-bloods. His face also was stained, and when he spoke it was in a hoarse whisper. The matter of his discourse to us was this:

"I can do no more. My people are dead, my powder spent. They are



Jorian and Boris dictate a diplomatic report.

more numerous than the sea sands. They are behind us and before, also outflanking us on either side."

"Then we advised him to set his face to Hohenstein and with those who were left to him to retreat in that direction. We accompanied him, bearing in mind your royal commands, and eager to do all that in us lay to advance the interests of amity."

"In this manner the remnant of the soldiers of the Duchess Joan reached Kernsburg in safety—a result which, we flatter ourselves, was as much due to the zeal and persuasiveness of your envoys as to the skill and bravery of Werner von Orseln and the soldiers of the Duchess."

"And your humble servants will ever pray for the triumph of peace and concord, and also for an undisturbed reign to your Highnesses through countless years. In token whereof we append our signatures and seals."

"BORIS."

"JORIAN."

"Is not that last somewhat overstrained about peace and concord and so forth?" asked Jorian anxiously.

"Not a whit—not a whit!" cried Boris. "Our desire to promote peace needs to be put strongly, in order to carry persuasion to their Highnesses in Plassenburg. In fact, I am not sure that it has been put strongly enough!"

"I am troubled with some few doubts myself!" said Jorian, under his breath.

And as the secretary jerked the ink from his pen he smiled.

(To be continued.)

ONE OF LINCOLN'S STORIES.

Senator Foraker Uses Anecdote to Draw a Parallel.

Before Senator Foraker was elected to the office he now holds he practiced law in Cincinnati, says the New York American. It is said of him that his fees were larger than those of any other attorney in Ohio. It is generally known that he is a poor man so far as earthly possessions go. Senator Platt, of New York, asked him not long ago why he held himself down to a \$5,000 job, whereas if he confined himself to legal practice he could grow enormously rich.

"I am told that you get bigger fees," said the New Yorker, "than any other attorney out your way."

"Which reminds me of one of Mr. Lincoln's stories," answered the Ohioan. "When he was a boy one of his mother's neighbors was so poor as to excite the pity of all those who knew her. She had a world of children, and it was said of them that they never had enough to eat. When young Abe was trudging schoolward one morning he met one of the boys. His heart melted at the sight of the gaunt and hungry appearing lad, and quickly his hand went into his luncheon basket and drew forth a ginger cake. He broke it in twain and the boy gobbled it up. He gave him the other piece, and that went down the boy's throat in one gulp."

"You like ginger cakes, don't you?" inquired Abe of the widow's boy.

"I does," was his answer. "I likes 'em more and gets less of 'em than any boy in Saugamon county."

"And that is my story," continued the senator. "When I practiced law I liked big fees better than any one on earth, and got fewer of them than any other lawyer out my way."

Making a Sure Thing of It.

Johnson—Were you satisfied with your uncle's will?

Hillings—Entirely. I took the precaution to become the attorney in the case.—Topeka Journal.

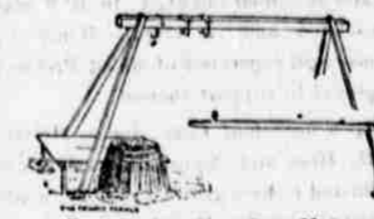


LIVE STOCK

FARM HOG KILLING OUTFIT.

Device by Which the Butchering is Made Easy.

As all farmers who kill their own hogs know, the old way of butchering is very inconvenient and tiresome. The following illustrated arrangement



Device for Hanging Hog.

makes the labor comparatively easy. The top piece is 2x5 inches, and 12 feet long. The mortises for the supports to fit in are made five inches from the ends of piece, and are one-half inch deep, 2 1/2 inches wide at bottom, by 1 1/4 inches at top, thus only one bolt is needed to hold them together at top. The upright supports are 2x2 1/2, and seven feet long; cross-piece, 1 1/4x2 1/2, and at one end this should be bolted on upright pieces, down low enough so that bench will set over it. The lever is 3 1/2x2 at staple, and shaved down to 1 1/4 at end. Staples made of five-sixteenths inch rod iron, and long enough to clinch. Clevis where chain is fastened is made of three-eighths inch iron. The end of the lever is iron, 6x2 1/8 bent, as shown for gambrel stick to rest on, while lifting pig to the pole hooks, which are made large enough to slip back and forth easily on upper piece. Rods one-half inch, bent to hold gambrel stick. A hook not shown in cut made of one-half inch iron, attaches to B and provides a fulcrum for the lever A for dipping hog in the barrel and raising carcass to the gambrel hooks. Bench, 19x1 1/2 inches, 20 inches high, 8 feet long. Barrel to be set in the ground one-quarter its length.

FEED TROUGHS IN PASTURES.

Make the Task of Feeding Easier—How to Manage With Lambs.

A very simple and handy trough to be used in the pastures or fields can be made of fence boards nailed together V shaped and fitted with ends and legs long enough to raise the top of trough about 20 inches from the ground. The legs should be nailed on the boards flat so they will be sufficiently wide apart at bottom to insure the stability of the trough so it may not be easily overturned, says an exchange. Three sets of legs should be put on a 16-foot trough. In case some of the sheep jump over the trough thus getting dirt into the feed a narrow strip should be supported over the top of the trough by nailing braces on the ends. This kind of trough will last for five or six years and stay out in all weathers. A lot of them sufficient to feed a big flock can be readily moved with a wagon or may be readily carried short distances. Many a flock of sheep would get better care if more conveniences were at hand. One such trough is sufficient for 20 or more sheep and in feeding the lambs separately they can be enclosed in creeps.

To complete the outfit and make the feeding of grain to the lambs while at pasture an easy chore, a chest or feed box should also be provided. This box should have a weather proof cover and a lock and key, the key to be in the pocket of the feeder. As he goes from work at evening time he can call up the lambs and give them their grain ration, says Coleman's Rural World. The box may be on runners or a flat sled so as to be readily moved from place to place by a horse, and the contents of the box may be replenished at odd times when we are not so busy. If you want to make the best of the sheep business, a little extra care will bring large returns.

NOTES ON SHEEP.

Ground feed will not be lost on the lambs now.

Fatten the lambs well before sending to market.

Ventilation should be provided, but direct drafts avoided.

Medium sized sheep usually have the best and heaviest fleeces.

The remaining part of the crop can be pulled before frost and stored for winter feed.

To give best results, not over 50 members of mutton sheep should be penned together.

All flocks should be graded according to age, size and condition as far as is practicable.

Rough hillsides, if they are covered with rich grasses, make the very best pasture land for sheep.

Turnips may be made use of as a fall feed. Turn the flock into the field and let them cup the turnips.

One good sheep will usually bring in more profit than two poor ones. Usually the poor ones are kept at a loss.

The best fleece will ever be the mark of the best sheep, provided, of course, that it has a good thrifty form.

The most unfavorable conditions under which sheep can be grown is to constantly subject them to feeding on low marshy pastures.

TO STOP TRAIN ACCIDENTS.

Railroad Workmen of Experience Talk It Over.

In the switchmen's shanty in the railroad yards the other night they were talking of railroad accidents and what caused them, says the Kansas City Star.

"I saw in the paper the other day that the railroads were blaming the accidents upon incompetent employees," said an old switchman who had worked, in his time, at all kinds of railroad work. "Let me tell you the reason of so many accidents. The law used to require the railroads to have six men to take care of every six miles of track. Now three section men care for nine miles. That gives the men too much to do and they can't keep the road in repair and watch it as they ought to. The law ought to force every railroad to have a watchman on every bridge, night and day, and when it was rainy and bad the section men ought to go over the track three times a day."

"That's all right," said the foreman of the crew. "It's a good thing and would prevent most of the accidents, because the great majority of them come from a defect in the track or in a bridge. But I would make the railroads, in addition to that, have a track walker who would go over the bad places in the track after a train passed. Many accidents are caused by a train loosening a bolt or cracking a rail or weakening the track some way, and the next train that comes along goes in the ditch."

"Boys, let me tell you," said the engineer, who was sitting upon a bench filling his pipe. "The railroad companies can never prevent accidents until they give their employees time to sleep and rest. You've all seen an engineer who's been on his engine from 24 to 48 hours be sent out on a run again with only four or five hours' sleep. A man in that condition can't keep awake. Then, again, an engine ought always to be inspected after it comes in off a run. Yet it isn't done. And they make one car inspector do four men's work. Lots of cars are on the road that ought to be in the shops."

A switchman, who was formerly a conductor of a freight train, said: "To save money the roads send out 60 to 70 loaded cars with a big mogul engine instead of 40 cars. The consequence is the track spreads and the next train weakens it a little more and the third goes into the ditch."

JAPAN TO OWN RAILROADS.

Nation to Pay Double the Cost of the Private Lines.

Now that the Japanese government has undertaken to nationalize 17 private railways, having a total of 2,887 miles of line, at a cost of \$21,500,000 yen (\$210,000,000), or about \$73,000,000 a mile, the latest annual report of Ichiji Yamanouchi, director of the Imperial bureau of railways of Japan for the fiscal year ended March 31, 1905, becomes of the highest historical and comparative value.

The total mileage open for traffic in 1905 was 4,693, divided as follows: Government railways, 1,461 miles; private railways, 3,232 miles. This showed an increase of nearly 198 miles over 1904.

Calculating the Japanese yen at 50 cents (commercially 49.5 cents), the cost of construction of the mileage was:

	Cost.	Per mile.
Government railways	\$76,651,640	\$52,454
Private railways	120,502,452	37,284
Totals	\$196,154,101	\$44,882

It will be perceived that the Japanese government now pays almost double the original cost of constructing the private railways and there is no suggestion of graft or excessive valuation in the transaction. The price paid was 20 times the average of the net earnings from operation for 1902, 1903 and 1904, divided by the cost of construction and multiplied by the paid-up capital.—Railway Age.

Locomotive of the Future.

This engine was shown at the Nuremberg Lands and Industries exhibit.



It has a curious pointed boiler, to offer less resistance to the air. The driving wheels are nearly seven feet in diameter. It is expected to go 90 miles an hour.

Old English Railway Station.

The only railway station in England that can boast of being really old is that at Bourne, Lincolnshire, which is an ancient Elizabethan mansion, formerly in the possession of the Digby family. When the Great Northern & Midland railways came through this district a memorial was sent from the inhabitants of Bourne asking that, instead of pulling the old landmark down, it might be converted into a railway station, for which purpose it now serves. Part of the house is used as a residence by the station master.

Purifies Water for Boiler.

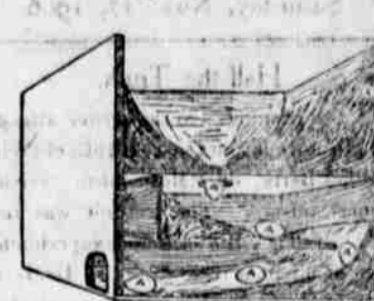
Two locomotives on the North London railway have been fitted with reservoirs containing oak liquor (oak chips and caustic soda), through which the boiler feed water is passed for purifying and softening purposes.



POULTRY AND BEES

NEST FOR EGG EATING HENS.

A Lake County (Ill.) correspondent of Prairie Farmer sends an illustration of a nest that he has devised for egg eaters. Our sketch brings out the idea fairly well. A false bottom is put on the middle of the nest box with a hole a little over two and one-half inches in diameter in the bottom. This hole should be just large enough for an egg to go through. The sides of the nest is packed with shavings, leaves or hay and a bit of burlap



Section of Nest for Egg Eaters.

tacked about the hole and around the sides to make the nest.

A lower shelf is made extending only part way across the box. As shown in the cut when the egg, A, comes down through the hole in the bottom of the nest proper, it strikes on this padding, slides off from the second shelf and drops into a lower compartment and gradually rolls until it reaches the position of the last egg. Here it is handy for the hand-hole when the gatherer comes for the contents of the nest. This device is said to work very satisfactorily and prevents the hen from eating her egg simply because it disappears from her sight at once.

FOWLS WITHOUT LICE.

Don't Give Vermin a Foothold, and Your Task Will Be Easy.

Last summer the editor of the Farmers' Review visited the Maine experiment station. That station has done a great deal in the way of poultry investigation. Conditions there are of the very best, with the result that the enterprise is successful. One of the surprising things found there is that there are no lice. Consequently no lice killers have to be used; the chicks do not have to be greased after they are out of the shell; the birds do not have to be fed enough food to supply both themselves and the lice, and the perches do not have to be painted with anti-lice paint. All this expense and all this labor are saved.

It is a wonder that considering the great losses we experience from lice we do not take more precautions to entirely rid the poultry houses of them. A few years ago the Farmers' Review sent out inquiries to many poultry raisers as to the cause of their greatest losses. Most of the replies said that the greatest losses were due to lice. It may be that to lice are due far greater losses than we have suspected.

We know very little about how contagious diseases are carried from fowl to fowl. It may be that the lice do more of this work than any other medium. It may be that a louse draws infected blood from one fowl and from it infects the next fowl on which he happens to be.

There is an impression abroad that there is little poultry disease where there are no lice and no dirt. It is a good thing to assume this at any rate. It may be an error, but if it is the error is on the part of virtue.

Prof. Charles Wood, in charge of the Maine station, was asked by the writer how he could keep his fowls free from lice. He replied that it was an easy thing to do. He started with perfectly clean pens and yards. He used incubators that had never been used before, and he put into those incubators eggs that had no lice on them. The chicks hatched had no lice, and no fowls are purchased and brought onto the farm. There has to be a beginning for the lice infestation, and the problem is to prevent the beginning. This is not a difficult thing to do.

If it can be done at an experiment station where there are 600 laying hens and thousands of chicks, it certainly can be done on any farm.

Dark Poultry Houses.

There are still many dark poultry houses to be met with in the country. Some of them are so dark that it is a wonder that the hens can get along without becoming diseased. It is also a wonder how the floor of such a house can dry out at all. It is not a difficult matter to knock a hole in the side of a poultry house and put in a window. This should be done now while the weather is good, says the Farmer's Review. The additional light will prove a great boon to the fowls which will thrive better because of the light in their dwelling house. In the summer time this matter of light is not of so much importance as it is in the winter. In the summer the fowls have the run of the farm and spend but little time in the poultry house, but in the winter they have to spend a very large amount of time there, especially if the location is in states where snow remains on the ground during a considerable part of the winter.



Lay waiting on the slopes of the Jagernbergen.

land Eagle which flew so steadily beside the coronated lion of Kernsburg and Hohenstein.

"And pray, sir, why?" said Joan of the Sword Hand. "Am I not also Princess of Courland?"

From woman's willfulness all things somehow have their beginning. To woman's wantings may be traced all restraints and judgments, from the sword flaming every way about Edengate to the last merchant declared bankrupt and "dyvour" upon the exchange flags of Hamburg town. Eve did not eat the apple when she got it. She hastened to give it away. She